

TRAVEL

FLIGHT IN AN AIRLINER.

High above our World so fair,
We sail among the clouds up there.
Where billowing castles touch the stars,
There's Venus bright and planet Mars.

And far below, our lovely land,
Painted by some celestial hand,
A patchwork quilt of green and gold,
With Autumn colours flaming bold.

Up here the sky's a darker blue,
The sea reflects the same clear hue,
As high above the sandy shore,
Onward and upward still we soar.

Up through pure white cloud we go,
Where another aircraft, far below,
Glides by on graceful silver wings,
A sense of magic now it brings.

White clouds dominate the scene,
A World so lovely, never seen,
In normal life, from down below,
Only when by air we go.

We pass through an invisible plain,
Where flat bottomed cumulus cloud remain,
Exactly where they are meant to be,
Like ships that sail a gentle sea.

High above, against blue sky,
Tenuous streamers catch the eye.
Delicate wraiths of creamy white,
Give the impression of infinite height.

The Sun shines now, on a scene so bright,
Of clouds reflecting pure white light.
An island cluster, when we look down,
Bright emeralds on a sapphire gown.

Too soon the magic trip must end,
As through the clouds we now descend.
The Gods look down with sad disdain,
As we depart their heavenly domain.